

many localities of the old state. But to really love corn bread I think one must be used to it from childhood. Southern-born men of the old regime commenced gnawing on corn "pones" when they were babies; as they grew older the pone accompanied them on every hunting and fishing expedition, and so, when maturity was reached, corn in some form or other was wanted at the table three times a day. This fact will, I think, militate against any extensive use of the cereal as food among the people of Europe—they haven't been used to it. It has always puzzled me that our own people, outside of the south, fail to appreciate the glories of maize. In the great corn-growing states of the west its use is very limited, and the eastern mind, so far as corn is concerned, is a howling wilderness.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Some Cardinal Points of Difference Between the Sexes.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar. Women jump at conclusions and generally hit, says the New York Advertiser; men reason things out logically and generally miss the truth. Some women can't pass a millinery shop without looking in; some men can't pass a public house without going in. A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run away from it. Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men. A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it. A woman can sit in a theater for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't. A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential.

Liliputian Cattle.

The Samoan Islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus *bos* now known to the naturalist. The average weight of the males of these liliputian cattle seldom exceed two hundred pounds, the average being not greater than one hundred and fifty pounds. The females usually average about one hundred pounds larger, are very "stocky built, seldom being taller than a merino sheep." These dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color marked with white. They have very large heads as compared with their bodies and their horns are of exceptional length.

DONE WITH SLOT MACHINES.

What a Stranger Got for a Penny at an Elevated Road Station.

At the Congress street elevated station at evening during a rush a man, evidently a stranger, came along and halted in front of the machine which offers a stick of gum for one penny shoved into the slot. This man, says a Chicago paper, carried an overcoat, a large valise and an umbrella. He evidently figured out in his mind that it would be a good idea to take some gum home with him. So he took out a penny, but held it for a moment as if loath to part with it. He knew that the penny was good, it was backed by a good government, but he appeared to be doubtful as to the quality of the gum.

The throng of people jostled him and the train gong was sounded. Carefully he selected a slot, and still more carefully did he insert the coin into the small opening. It went about three-fourths of the way in and stuck. He grabbed hold of the machine and shook it. The penny remained stuck fast. He put down his luggage, his coat and umbrella, took out a new knife, opened a hawk blade and with it strove to recover his money.

The people ran against him, swore at him, almost knocked him down. He broke the blade of his knife, and just then a man hurrying to catch a train stumbled over the valise, got his foot hung in the armhole of the overcoat, plunged forward, kicked the valve open and smashed a bottle of horse liniment.

The man dropped his knife and ran after his valise, and when he gathered up the fragments of his baggage and his torn coat he returned to the slot machine to find that some one had stolen his knife. But he didn't swear. He simply said: "And they call this civilization."

DOG AND COYOTE.

The Hunted Wolf at Last Turns Upon the Hounds.

There were three of us in a wagon driving from Springdale, on the rail road, to Hunter's Hot Springs, says the Northwest Magazine. We had forded the slough that during the season of high water in the Yellowstone cut off the approaches to the bridge—the water filling the wagon box and taking the horses almost off their feet at times in the swirl of the current. One of the dogs from the hotel joined us on terra firma—a mild-faced yellow cur with fighting qualities. He was trotting along on the road a few rods ahead of the horse when there came loping across the open country a big coyote, making straight for him. Away went the dog and after him the wolf. The dog made a stand and took a nip at the wolf; then the wolf ran and the dog pursued, but as soon as the dog had overtaken his enemy he changed his mind about attacking him and turned back. Now the wolf gained courage and took up the chase, running the yellow cur clear up to the porch of the hotel at the springs.

The party in the team got a good

deal of run out of the novel, turn-about hunt. Mendenhall, the landlord, whipped up the team and we bounced along at a tremendous pace, shouting: "go it wolf" and "go it dog." The landlord yelled encouragement to Stub, the dog, but Stub had no mind for a tussle with the sharp-toothed, long-nosed brute, and was happy to gain the shelter of the hotel. The coyote trotted off across the hills. "What things a fellow will see when he hasn't his gun with him," remarked one of the men in the wagon.

WELCOME THIEVES.

Those Who Are Able to Pay Well for What They Steal.

"What do you do with kleptomaniacs?" was the question recently put to the proprietor of a large shop.

"We send them bills for what they take when we know them. If they are strangers, we act according to circumstances. A few days ago a lady was in the shop with her daughter—a beautiful little girl of twelve years. The girl was seen slipping a roll of costly ribbon into her satchel. We spoke to the mother, who became indignant. She opened the satchel to convince us that we were mistaken, when it was found to contain three lace handkerchiefs, two pairs of gloves, and the ribbon. All these articles had been appropriated."

"That was a plain case of stealing. What did you do?"

"Well, we took the things back and said nothing. We can't afford to arrest wealthy people and injure our trade by making enemies among our rich customers."

"You were speaking of sending out bills for stolen goods; are they ever paid?"

"Always where the person is a kleptomaniac. We never have any trouble in that way. I have known of shops which kept a regular list of kleptomaniacs. Whenever they lost anything they sent bills to all of them. As they all settled for the stolen goods, you can imagine that the business was a profitable one, can't you?"

Economy and Artifice.

The duchess of Buckingham in her "Glimpses of Four Continents," tells an amusing Maori story belonging to the period when these natives were at war with England. All sorts of tricks went on, such as are not only fair but commendable in war. When the Maoris were in want of bullets they used to show a dummy in the bush; of course, it was immediately fired at. A man in the background pulled it down by a string. "Oh!" thought the British soldiers, "we've done for him." Up came the dummy again, cautiously; bang! bang! went the British rifles. Down fell dummy, and this went on till some worse marksman than usual cut the dummy's rope. No Maori would go up the tree to splice it, for that exposure meant certain death. The bullets were all taken out of a little earth bank which the Maoris had made behind the tree where the dummy appeared, and were used over again. It was a long time before this artifice was discovered.